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Class of 1927

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EARL O. MAXWELL

Waltham, Mass.

THE MIRROR

VOL. XVIII WALTHAM, MASS., June, 1927 No. 4

"—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"
Hamlet, Act. III, Sc. ii

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TONY SIANO

Class President 1927

Editorials

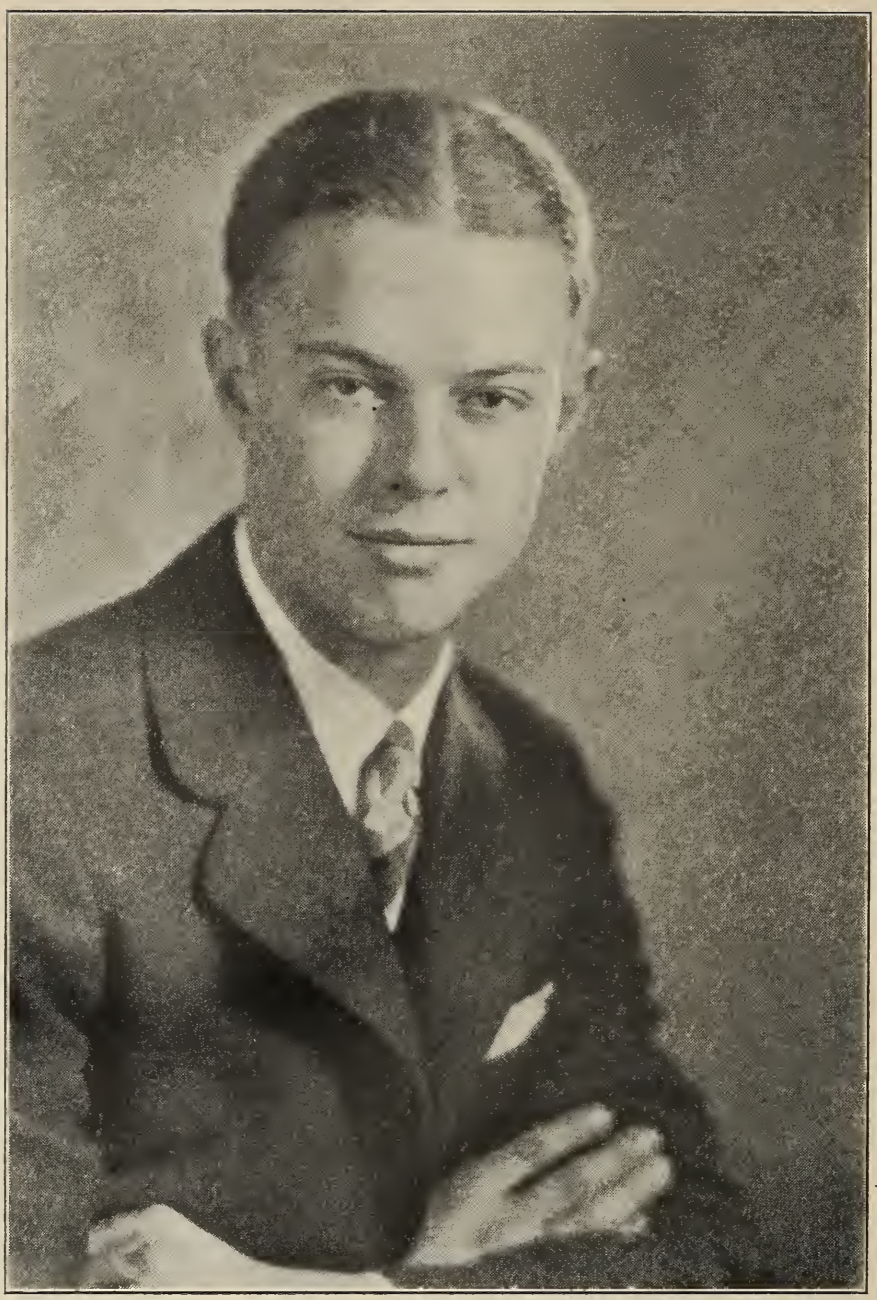
It seems rather trite to begin our farewell with the old stand-by "We sincerely hate to leave the dear old school—etc," but since it is true, why try to be original? The reason this sentence is so overworked is the very fact that it is so true of every class leaving Waltham High. And the class of 1927 is no exception. We *are* sincerely sorry to leave the place, down deep in our hearts, no matter how vociferously we may protest to the contrary—no matter how enthusiastically we look forward to the future. We could not stay here for three years and not become more or less attached to the place and all its associations. Of course things have not been all pleasant and easy, while we have been here, but now that we are leaving, it is easy to overlook the disagreeable things and retain only pleasant memories. All our hard work seems worth while, now that it is a thing of the past and we have reached our goal. We are parting from many friends, both teachers and classmates, but we hope to see them again, and perhaps their companionship will seem more agreeable (if possible, ahem!) when it is a privilege and not a necessity. It seems hardly possible that the time has come for us actually to say good-bye to Waltham High, but since it has, we must make the best of it and leave our best wishes and sincere good will to those who are still to enjoy another year or two here. May they appreciate every moment of their stay.

In a few days the members of the class of 1927 will no longer be students at the Waltham High School. After the last diploma has been presented and the last song sung at the graduation exercises they will have become proud, serious alumni, ready to face the world, always, we hope, to look back fondly at their school days, always ready to stand up for their alma mater, Waltham High School.

The rest of us will be sorry to see them go. It will seem queer, next fall, to return to school and find so many of our friends gone. We shall all miss them. They, too, will probably find it queer not to return to Waltham High School when fall rolls around again. Some will go on to college, others will take positions in offices and shops, but very few will come back to their old school for "P. G.'s" With so many of our athletes graduating it will be strange enough to see so few cheery Waltham High smiles beaming above white Waltham High "W's" on red Waltham High sweaters. It will surely take time next fall for the rest of us to get used to missing our friends of this year's class.

Good-bye and good luck to the class of 1927!

JARVIS FARLEY.



TRACY SANBORN
Class Historian 1927

Class History

Tracy Sanborn

On a shelf in a large, gloomy library rests a dusty old volume unread by the casual reader; to the Waltham High school graduates of 1927, however, this quaint old book recalls many pleasures. That which I am about to relate is what I found between the covers of the ancient volume.

Is it possible that three years have passed since we left our beloved books at the Junior High School? It is true, nevertheless. Of course everyone recalls the first day when we were given the name "tiny infants" by our upper classmates. After we had timidly entered the halls, some of us wandered here and there while others chose their would-be rooms, only to lose them a little later on. Ah! at last the clang of the first bell was heard ringing through the corridors, and we were asked to file to the assembly hall. All arrived at the hall in safety. Some started to seat themselves near the front, but a voice was heard saying, "Sophomores go to the rear." At this our hearts sank within us, but, as all obedient children do, we meandered down the aisle and took our places in the rear. We sat there undisturbed while the two upper classes were assigned their rooms. At last came our turn. We were given our rooms, and, with a few directions, went in search of a parking space. Many were lost for a time, but the guiding hands of our future instructors brought us quickly into line again, and gave us our first lesson in high school etiquette. The morning passed rather slowly, but at last the faithful old bell did its duty, and we were dismissed for the day.

We soon accustomed ourselves to the routine of high school life, and quickly learned the traits of our upper classmates, whether they were good or bad.

From the first day of school until Thanksgiving, the boys devoted much of their time to football. The team, with a number of our own sophomores, had a very successful season, defeating such strong teams as Brookline, Providence Tech, Fitchburg, and Haverhill, and receiving only two defeats.

At a well attended meeting in the assembly hall, the class officers were elected: Tony Siano was chosen president; Louise Everett, vice-president; Charles Smith, secretary and treasurer; Doris DeVenne, library representative; Helen Glasgow, athletic representative; and Thelma Heinlein, auditor.

We were all thrilled when the night of our first social came. We gathered in the high school auditorium and thoroughly enjoyed the games, the dancing and the refreshments.

Soon came our Christmas vacation, a source of great pleasure.

During the winter months the boys and girls enjoyed basket ball at the North Junior High gymnasium. The lot behind the school was made into an attractive rink and was freely used for skating and hockey.

We now turned our attention to baseball. We had a fairly successful season, winning seven games and losing seven.

In June came the excitement of choosing our electives for the next year, and many were the debates as to the superior advantages of Chemistry, Algebra, French or German. Some one was heard to remark that he wished he could elect library periods instead of English. At last everyone was satisfied, and now remained only the day of final reckoning. It came. We received with joy or sorrow our first final ranks and the year was over!

The summer soon passed and we were once again brought back into the ranks—this time as juniors. We now held middle place; if the seniors, our superiors, should, by any chance, cast any reflection upon us, it gave us a great deal of delight to cast a similar reflection upon our inferiors, the infant sophomores. Our first day was not nearly so exciting as that memorable one a year ago, but, nevertheless, some of us lost our way only to be found and rescued later by our mates.

We were all delighted to hear the report that the boys were once again getting into shape for the coming football season. As the players came on to the field, led by Captain "Bob" Muzzey, we were proud to see that a number of our junior boys were holding down first-string berths. The team had a very successful season, defeating Haverhill, Fitchburg, and Brockton, and receiving only three setbacks.

While the boys were practicing football, the girls were doing their bit at field hockey.

After the Thanksgiving recess, we all looked forward with a great deal of joy to our Christmas vacation. The weeks seemed to drag painfully, but when release from classes *did* come the time went so rapidly that it seemed as though Saturday was upon us even before Monday had passed.

On January 11 (of the next year) came the summons to the assembly hall to elect the class officers. Wynton Dangelmayer was elected president; Josephine Huntley, vice-president; Kenneth MacRae, secretary; Doris DeVenne, treasurer; Francis "Pat" Ryan, auditor; Tony Siano, athletic representative; Helen Glasgow, alternate representative; Rachel Slayton and Thelma Heinlein, library representatives. At the same meeting, Corrine Taylor was elected chairman of the committee on the class motto and class colors. A little later, we chose maroon and

silver as our class colors, and "Work Conquers Everything" as our class motto. Needless to say, we have always lived up to this sentiment.

During the winter month basket ball was being played both by girls and boys. The girls had several class teams which furnished a number of very interesting contests. They were always allowed to come to our games, but somehow, we were never allowed to go to theirs.

Probably the most interesting winter sport was hockey. The field in the rear of the school was made into an attractive skating rink. There Waltham High having organized a hockey team under the direction of coach "Jack" Leary, played all its home games. Although we disliked to think that the boys did not win every time, it was much better to know that they did not lose all their games.

At last came the long-awaited day of our first social. Eagerly we gathered in the assembly hall and entered with zest into the various pleasures of the evening. Probably that which created most interest was the balloon race in which the winners were awarded a lollypop.

Spring soon came. Once more Mr. Leary sent out the first call for baseball candidates. A large number responded. Practice for the first week was held at the North Junior High school gymnasium. Later the boys journeyed to the Bicycle Park for outdoor practice.

Although the team won their first three games, they soon learned how it felt to be defeated. However, at the end of the season, they found that they were not so badly out of luck, for they had won seven games and lost seven.

The years was rapidly drawing to a close. We felt that much was to be accomplished before the day of reckoning when our final reports would be given to us.

Then came our great event, the junior promenade. Harry Smart and his committee had worked hard in order that it might be a great success. The evening opened with a hearty welcome to the seniors by our class president. Ralph Long, president of the senior class, responded for his classmates. Then followed the grand march. As soon as the march was finished, the orchestra began our favorite dance music, and soon a large number of Romeos and Juliets could be seen softly swinging their way around the beautifully decorated hall. Not only was the hall itself well filled, but the back porch was also lined with youths in search of romance. The evening seemed to pass quickly, and after the tenth dance, we reluctantly strolled homeward feeling that the prom of the class of 1927 was the best that we, at any rate, had ever attended.

Now there were just about three more weeks of school left, and then we would be once more *free*. Free, that glorious word! Those nice, long vacation weeks must surely have had a magnet in them because they

attracted us immensely, not because we were lazy, and did not want to work, but because we were tired of getting D's.

At last came the final day. The seniors had departed the Friday before, and now we were also about to leave. When we returned in the fall, we should be seniors—the highest class in the school.

How rapidly the summer months passed by, and ere we realized it, we had begun our final year in Waltham High School. This time we came as seniors. At last, we were the highest class in the school. Our first day was no longer a time of fear. We were familiar, old cronies. It was now our turn to call those entering the "tiny infants."

On September 19, we journeyed to Watertown to see our boys begin the football season of 1927. Our team won their first game, and never let up until the final whistle blew on the morning of November 25 at Brockton, ending the most successful season Waltham High had had since the days when our beloved coach "Jack" Leary, carried the pig skin over the white lines for Waltham High. Our captain, Tony Siano, had every reason to be proud of his band of football warriors who made up one of the strongest aggregations in the state.

At a well attended meeting of the senior class, we elected our class officers. Tony Siano was elected president; Betty Wroe, vice-president; Irene Stebner, secretary; Harry Smart, treasurer; Henry Rogers, athletic representative; Helen Glasgow, alternate representative; and Francis "Pat" Ryan, auditor.

At another meeting, Kenneth MacRae was elected chairman of the senior dance committee. Later Kenneth notified us that he and his committee had chosen Friday, December 17 for the big affair. We all looked eagerly forward to that night. At last it came, and we and our many friends gathered at Nuttings-on-the-Charles. The hall was beautifully decorated and the shining expanse of floor afforded a perfect surface for the happy dancers. There was no question of the success of that entertainment we all arrogantly exclaimed.

As cold weather approached, we looked forward to the "good old" skating rink behind the school. This year the field had been enlarged so that two rinks could be made. One was reserved for the smaller children, and the other was for the older skating enthusiasts and afforded a place for hockey games. Waltham High once again organized a school hockey team. This year the team won a greater part of its games. Although Waltham High did not organize a school basketball team, nevertheless, both boys and girls had a number of class teams which afforded much competition.

Just before the February vacation, a club, known as the commercial club, was formed by the commercial seniors. This proved a flourishing organization, and has had many interesting meetings, addressed by some experts on subjects of interest to the business world.

In February also, Miss Chapman chose the senior play cast. This consisted of seven boys and only three girls much to the latter's disgust. The lucky ones commenced immediately after the try-outs to rehearse their parts in the play "Believe Me, Xantippe," a comedy in four acts. On the two big nights of March 25 and 26, the South Junior High school auditorium was filled to its capacity, while the cast put on a finished production before a very appreciative audience.

The snow had melted somewhat earlier, so Mr. Leary issued the first call for baseball candidates. This year the boys held the first practice at the field behind the school. Practice progressed rather slowly because of the cold weather, but at last came the day of the opening game. For the last few years the games had been played at the Bicycle park, but now we were to play our first game at our own new baseball field. The veteran red and white team of Waltham faced the veteran blue and white team from Needham. The game was closely fought, but, at the close of the ninth inning, Waltham led by the score of 9 to 8, thus dedicating our new field with a victory.

At this time, a number of different things claimed our attention, but the one that received immediate consideration was the question of class pictures. Several samples were submitted by different photographers. It was rather difficult to determine which photographer we should choose, but it was finally decided to give our order to the Warren Kay Vantine Studio of Boston.

There was only one more social event in our high school life. We were the guests at the junior promenade, given by the class of 1928. For the first time the two class presidents did not make their usual speeches, so that all the time was devoted to dancing. The hall was beautifully decorated with blue and white, the class colors of 1928. The boys with their white flannels and blue coats and the girls with their beautiful gowns certainly made an attractive group.

The end of our journey together is now near at hand. Three years have gone by rapidly. Sometimes the way looked hard and trying, but now we have at last mastered our tasks and are to separate. Soon we shall be scattered like leaves in autumn, but the memory of our classmates will always be one of our greatest pleasures, and as we go out into life, we shall always carry with us happy thoughts of friendship for the class of 1927, and for our own Waltham High school.

The old book is closed and replaced on the shelf to be left alone. As time goes on, let us learn to love and cherish that old volume more and more.

FRANCES JACOBS

Class Prophet 1927

Class Prophecy

"Brr-r-ing!" The bell in my private office awoke me with a start from my pleasant day-dreams of home, happiness and husband (believe it or not, I had managed to hook one). I got up, removed the "In Conference" sign hanging from the door and admitted a person, who is my very confidential private secretary, *Arthur Eaton* by name. You see, I am, fifteen years after my graduation, editor-in-chief of that illustrious two-penny paper, "The Waltham Tribune," and so am by authority of my high position, entitled both to a private office and to a secretary. Well, to get back to my subject, Arthur was carrying a note for me which had just been delivered. I dismissed my menial. and with great curiosity opened my mail. It was an invitation, to my surprise, and read somewhat as follows:

Dear Classmate:

The class of 1927 holds the fifteenth anniversary of its marvelous escape from Waltham High School this year in the form of a field day. The celebration will be carried on by the skillful (?) aid of various members of the class. (We are, in this way, endeavoring to raise enough money to pay off the officials at our last reunion.) Side shows, brass bands, a three-ringed circus, contests of all kinds—these are a few of the amusements supplied. (Beside of course, the added pleasure of seeing once more in just what condition those school girl complexions are now!) We have picked the participants to fit the different exhibitions according to their natural abilities and inclinations. Thus it was that the committee had almost decided upon your being the right-hand half of the Siamese twins they have assembled, but later found better specimens in *Greta Modine* and *Eleanor Pierce*. And since the dog-faced boys, monkeys, elephants, and all other beasts have been supplied in profusion (I never realized how talented our class was along these lines before), we finally came to the decision that your presence there would make up for your appearance as any of the above-mentioned freaks. So please come and don't disappoint the expectant kiddies. June 25th, nine-thirty, at the old Fair grounds on lower Main Street. Bring loads of dough. (And we don't mean flour and water!)

Signed: Chairman, *Charles Smith,*
Committee, Charles Smith.

"Humph!" thinks I, "so it's you, my boy, I have to thank for all the compliments. Well, I'll go in spite of your inviting me and take all the trade away from your beloved freaks anyway." And so suiting actions to words, on the morning of the 25th I arrived at the old fair grounds bright and early but not before hundreds of others had come also. I immediately began to look about for familiar faces and found one in the shape of *Harold Pugsley,* who was selling tickets at the entrance. After waiting about fifteen minutes while "Pugsy" made my change by the latest Pratt algebra methods I finally gained admittance to the fair. Just inside the gate stood Charles, in fish and soup, a real master of ceremonies. He smiled charmingly at me and I grabbed tight hold on to my pocketbook and disappeared into the crowd far from his hypnotic gaze. I decided first to make the round of side-shows. The first one I entered was the home of a snake charmer. My suspicions were up when I had first looked at the huge canvas picture outside and my worst fears were confirmed when I got inside, for the snake charmer was *Charlotte MacNamara!* She disentangled herself from a gigantic rattler's firm embrace and rushed into my arms. We cooled off shortly and I asked her how she had happened to be chosen for this role. She answered she was married now—and so of course knew all the finest methods with which to deal with snakes. I immediately thought the lucky (?) man must be *Ernest Concannon,* but Charlotte assured me that she and "Rick" had always valued their friendship too highly to get married. Right here we were interrupted by other customers. "Mac" leaped gracefully back into the snakes, wound one prettily about her waist and was then ready for business. I had my back to the visitors and didn't turn till one of them cried out, "Oh, *how sweet!*" Then I recognized *Pauline Kruznick* at once; she was accompanied by *Irene Bain* and *Lois Mansfield.* "Polly" was now the most famous pianist in Greater Boston—(her name brands *her* as a genius), and Irene was her manager, because she had such a knack of borrowing that she could just "borrow" engagements for Pauline. Lois was now a self-confessed public nuisance, which is in simpler words, a concert singer and was also, as a mere detail, married to her old school companion, *Werner Bachman,* who had made a million or two in partnership with *Kenneth MacCrae,* inventing some sort of compressed wormcakes for baby chicks. But Lois assured me neither the greater worm, (meaning hubby), nor the lesser, (meaning the cakes), could ever come between her and her art. I then decided that I had had enough of this atmosphere and so I went out to give Charlotte and her pets room for expansion.

The next stall I visited was a lemonade stand. I descended from my high horse (I could get something a hundred times more tasty in my own

cellar), and stepped up to the counter to buy a glass or two. Inside were two old familiar friends—*Thelma Heinlein* (Golway) and *Everett Golway.* I told them they were a sight for sore eyes; thereupon practical Everett wanted to know how I had guessed he was an optician now! "Teddy" told me they were finally married after waiting so many years for her to finish her college education. While we were gossipping thusly, a tall stoop-shouldered man passed up. I asked who he was and Everett informed me that it was *Arthur Wolfe,* the famous poet. I knew that he had had three books of rhyming words—I'll concede him that much—printed, and "Teddy" said he was even now waiting for inspiration for a fourth. He was also a member of the House of David, which had formerly been his boyhood ambition. Closely following on his heels strode a tall, athletic-looking woman who, I was surprised to learn, was *Caroline Conley.* She wore on her sweater an emblem composed of three K's, bearing the official insignia of the Kruel Katty Klub, of which she was president and I, honorary member. Well, "Teddy" and Everett here became too busy for more gossip and so I said goodbye and moved on. The next object to attract my attention was a pop-corn stand, run by *John Belleveau.* Hadn't I always said he would make a good "poppa?" During our conversation I learned that Johnnie and his wife, *Barbara Goodell,* were living comfortably on the wages which he made, drawing comics for my paper. At this moment we were rudely interrupted by the shouts of a tall man with a long black moustache, who was standing on a high wooden platform raised before the booth next to Johnnie's, alternately beating a drum and extolling the charms of a certain Hulu Hulu dancer about to appear. This was *Eliot Ryan,* of Royal Vagabond fame, who had so admired his part in that operetta that he had assumed the outward character of its villains, but was inwardly nothing but a hen-pecked husband. He had married his wife, *Arlene Taylor,* in a glamourous moment and the glamour was beginning to tarnish. They were on the stage together now in an acrobatic dancing act. Now, with a last roll of the drum, the curtains were dramatically drawn aside and out rolled the latest model Chevrolet. I beg pardon, *Helena Maxwell,* charmingly garbed in a costume of shredded wheat, followed by five other little wheat biscuits, whom I recognized to be *Edith Caughey, Gretchen Havenar, Rachel Slayton, Aurora Ball* and *"Peggy" Welsh,* who made a fine showing in a little Gilda Grey number entitled "Shredded Wheat Is My Meat." But they had gathered such a crowd (shredded wheat is such attractive stuff!) that I found it impossible to see anything, so I moved on to the next stand, which happened to be a torrid canine booth, in which stood its proprietor, *John Wingate.* While he was waiting on me, he told me all about those girls back on Eliot's stage. He said they were all Follies dancers and were

making big enough pay to support themselves, and their various husbands, in luxury. I asked him how he knew this and he said he ought to —wasn't he one of the husbands? Before he could explain further, a bell rang at the other end of the field. This was the signal for the horse races. I hurried over to the grandstand and found a seat. Hardly was I seated before the field judge who, I realized, was that elegant creature, *Freddy Gates,* dressed in a high silk hat mainly, sauntered onto the field and sadly announced that the races would not start at once for the main reason that the horses had been stolen. A mighty cry of *Rocker Rogers* arose from the grandstand. But Freddy calmed us with the news that the famous detective, *Mr. Harry Smart,* was even now on their trail (or tail?). But just at this moment "Rocker" himself appeared on the middle of the track, leading the four or five entrants. He made excuses to Freddy, who turned and announced that Henry had only taken the horses down the road a little distance so that his wife, *Hester Nelson,* who had been crippled in a Shady Bottom contest the night before with *Leslie Totten,* might see them. Well, at last we were ready to start. The jockeys, *Winston Hartley, Francis Edmunds, Lawrence Daley* and *Herbert Wilson,* clambered manfully aboard and with the pistol shot, they were off in a cloud of dust. But to my intense disgust, I never saw the finish of that exciting race, for just as the horses were rounding the final curve and were thundering madly down the home stretch—well, just then, the grandstand collapsed! Fifteen minutes later, when the debris had been cleared away, including me, the horses had been last seen leaping off into the distance somewhere toward Boston, and the jockeys were still "hanging' on." When I learned this, I decided that I had had enough of this unstaple stable stuff and was making my way back to the other side of the field where a large crowd was gathered about something, when suddenly I felt my very best pet corn being rudely trod upon. I looked up to remonstrate with the person, but got no farther than looking up, for in this rude person I recognized that right arm of the law itself, *Joe Donahue.* Joe told me that being a policeman, with lovely big flat feet, had been his ambition from babyhood on. I asked him if he had married and he assured me he had—and with a vengeance! His wife was *Elizabeth Carr.* This fact justified the exclamation, I thought. Joe said the commotion at the other end of the field meant the process of a baseball game. I found my way to the bleachers and seated myself just as a studious-looking person came walking onto the field, followed by nine young felows, ranging from eight to eighteen years of age, who strangely resembled the scholarly-looking man. This was *Tracey Sanborne* and his "Family Nine." I knew that Tracey was by this time a very fine historian, having discovered his talent in writing the history of the Class of '27, but had had no idea that he had "taken a

BETTY WROE

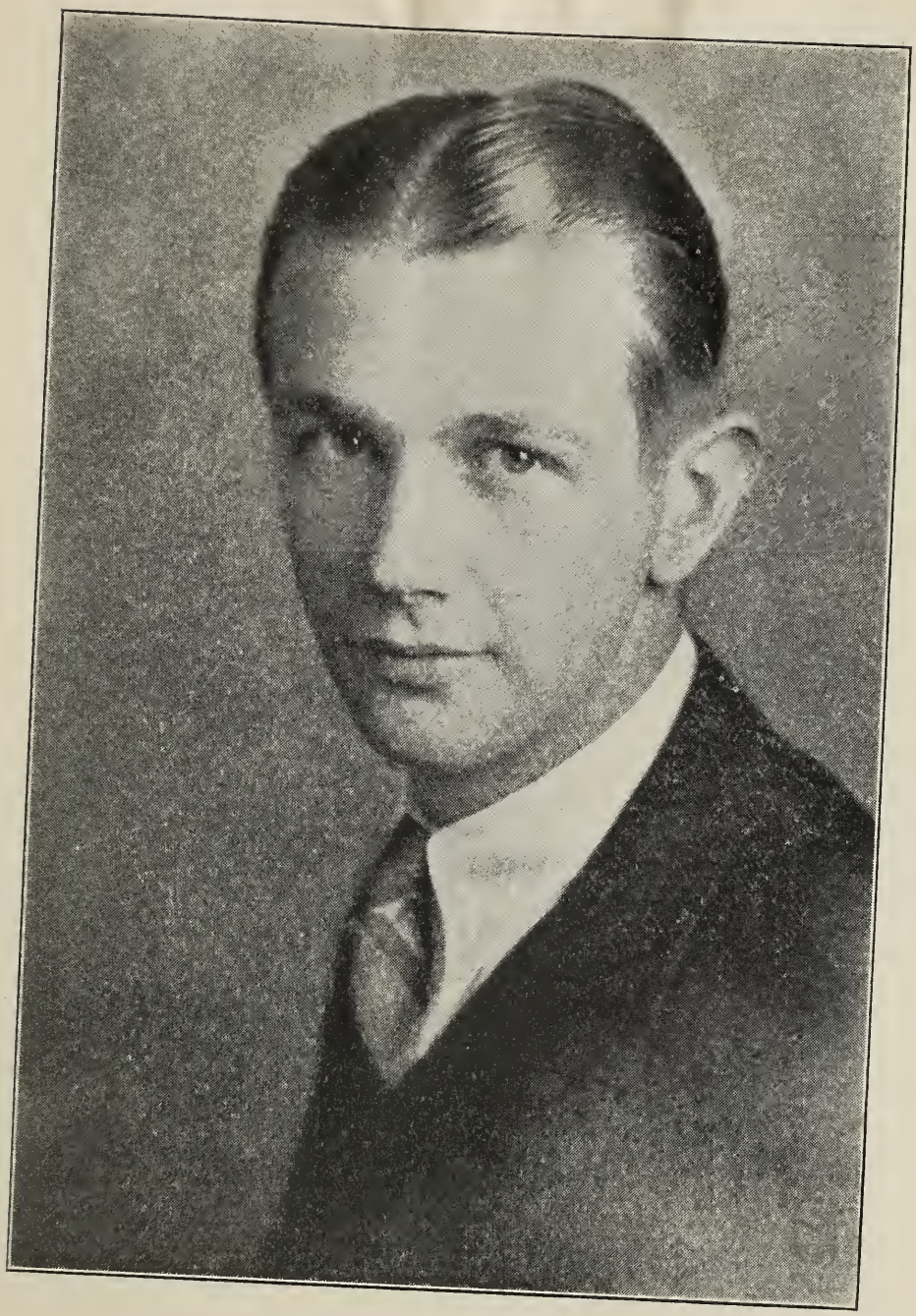
Class Vice-President 1927

wife unto him." A young man who sat beside me on the bench assured me that he had, and interrupted himself to say excitedly, "See, there's his wife now!" pointing to a woman who sat directly behind Tracey, who was now demonstrating to his first born, Tracey Junior, the correct way to throw a good, swift spitball. The woman turned out to be *Ruth Andrews,* who was now quite considerably "meatier" than the last time I had seen her. She had started out to be quite a dramatist, but I suppose the only scene she ever put on now was the usual married—life—Saturday—night—pay—night scene.

After waiting half an hour for the opposing team to appear, I became impatient and deserted the ranks along with a couple who had been sitting directly in front of me. I recognized *Vera Chase,* but her escort was a stranger to me. I spoke to Vera and she introduced the "stranger" as her husband, *Kenneth Perry.* "Ken" had become so sensible-looking that I had had a hard time to place him. Vera proudly told me that "Ken" was now a sailor. To lead a sailor's life had been his fond ambition from High School days on; I sadly wondered if the next time I met Vera, she would be "only the girl he left behind him," knowing sailors as I do. Well, they went toward the gate and I toward the Big Tent, as it was now two-forty-five and the circus was to start at three. *Paul Greeley* was ticket-seller here. He gave the wrong change three times before I finally entered the place. I got a good seat before the middle ring. I had arrived at a propitious moment, for just now the brass band entered and struck up simultaneously (an unusual occurrence), "The Gang's All Here." As the show commenced, I began to have serious doubts about that. The band leader was a pompous-looking man, manfully weilding a baton. It later turned out to be *Alexander Chapman,* wearing his regimentals, (being now a right royal member of the Sons of King George), and strutting in grand style. Behind him straggled the band proper, among the members of which I saw *Max Cohen,* whom I recognized by his structural outline, which was as gigantic as ever; *Lester Olson,* carrying the rear end of the bass drum, and *Frank Martowski,* who came along to turn music. They made a grand entrance. After them came the performng ponies, with *Corinne Taylor* (a bit too big for her steed), *Annie Williamson* (slightly bored), and *Doris De Venne* (still smiling), as bare-back riders. They did the usual stunts without mishap till they got to the human pyramid, which they made on the backs of the ponies. Doris, underneath, took a fit of giggling, tottered and suddenly, gracefully, collapsed with the other two-thirds not so gracefully, but even more suddenly on top of her. Well, anyhow, after they had finally departed, their ring was taken by a strong man. But just here my attention was called to the second ring in which a quartet of trapeze performers were showing their stuff. I had an awful

time making the girls out, but finally came to the conclusion that the one now hanging by her teeth from a horizontal bar was *Shirley Abbot,* while the one suspended at full length from her heels was *Marion Waugh.* The second set on the other bar was comprised of *Frances La Palme,* gyrating now somewhere between her bar and Marion's extended right arm, while close on her heels came *Claire Davis.* Heaven alone knows where she intended to fit. These four made up the famous "Up in the Air" Quartet. In the third ring, the program announced "Madame Gravité herself" in a daring balancing slack wire performance. I was curious to learn whom Charley had chosen for this act. But my last guess should have been my first. When I beheld her balanced neatly on the middle of the wire, I held my breath and prayed for the favor of the gods. It was *Stella Roesger!* And apparently I wasn't the only one concerned, for directly before me I noticed *Pat Ryan* and *Eddie Burke,* betting Eddy *pro* and Pat *con,* whether or not the wire would hold for Stella's final trip. As fate would have it, Pat won, for on her last voyage across, the dear girl saw me and in the process of gaily waving to me, lost her balance and fell! She caught, with her right hand, onto the wire and hung there for a moment or two. At the right minute exactly, four young men rushed out, bearing between them a large life net to which Stella entrusted herself and was thus brought safely to terra firma. I learned later that these gallant rescuers were: *Tommy Guy, Don Ward, Teddy Fogham* and *Felix Giardino,* who had been lately ordained—not bishops—but firemen, and were so proud of their responsible position that they continually carried the life net around with them. I doubted this, but was glad that they had had it with them at that moment. And so ended Stella's little act. Her place was taken by the band who played a selection or two and then the trained elephants were led in. They were three in number. The first one bore *Victor Wass,* an African explorer now and the one who had brought the elephants back especially for our show; the second, *Salvatore Floridia,* and the third and last carried *Vinton Farnsworth.* They were dressed as Indian (?) Princes (?). After they had carried through their *heavy part* in the program, they removed themselves and my attention reverted once more to the strong man in the first ring. He had a pair of double-jointed tumblers with him now. They were going through all kinds of antics, but I finally discovered the Herculean chap was *Dana Parks,* and the two human knots with him were *Thomas Childs* and *George Dyar.* I knew that Dana had very little time lately to engage in tumbling, his favorite sport, because he was a careworn husband and father now, and had to keep his nose pretty close to the grindstone, which, I presume accounts for the ruddy beak the poor fellow carried. "Tommy" and "Pussy" were on the stage now as the "Two Tumbling Tramps" and were making a huge success of tramping.

After this, there were a few minor *acts* and *accidents,* before the show was brought to a close by the usual Wild West Show. Hoping to see more of my school-day chums, I stayed. I was rewarded in finding among the cowgirls, *Dot Kohl, Joe Huntley* and *Alma Wilson.* They were living now on a ranch together out West, where men are men and women are anything but, and had come East just especially for this rodeo in the Class Cut-Up. Then came a herd of cowboys, including *Aloysius Edmunds, Carlo Campisi* and *Bob Nye.* Surprising what roughnecks these boys had turned out to be. It appeared that these cowboys were genuine importations from camp and canned beans, too. They had the usual round-up, with false cartridges and a terrible racket and then galloped "far off across the billowing plains." Their act was followed by a specialty, called "Leo, the Lion Tamer." She had come on, leading her trained beasts and had put them through their various stunts before I recognized in this tall, fierce-looking woman, *Eleanor-"Leo"-Howe.* How appropriate! With her bow, the show was finished. The crowd departed to make a final round of the place before departing dinner-ward. As I got to the exit, whom should I bump into but *Helen Thornburgh* and *Morris Nussinon.* "Thornie" unblushingly admitted that she had made free use of her father's trade and that "Nussy" was her fourth and latest voyage on the marital sea. Helen told me they were very prosperous, Morris having made quite a fortune on—well—er—hair tonic, which somehow didn't sell so well to barbers. From "Thornie" I learned that *Helen Glasgow,* her schoolday pal, was now the "Miss Sewall" of Waltham High, but had never married for fear that whomever she chose, would make no difference—they would all always seem like *dumbells* to her. All the time this conversation had been going on, we had been moving toward the exit and finally passed through it. I found myself once more near the baseball field. All sorts of contests were being carried on here now. A closely matched three-legged race was being contested between *Eunice Smart, Doris Mooney* and *Inez Rhodes* (the red heads), and *Betty Glycart, Blanche Herschoff* and *Doris Dolliver* (the black heads). The reds won, being such a hot trio, anyway. The next contest was an egg race. Among the eggs I noticed *Betty Wroe, Helen Kampe* and *Thelma Johnson.* The judge, *Warren Stoner,* told me that Thelma was doing fine at grand opera, Helen at the Baby Grand, and Betty at grand babies. I just stayed here long enough to see Betty win with *flying colors,* and then went on to a booth which I hadn't visited on my first round. A large canvas, portraying a deep sea scene with fishy-looking mermaids floating about in it, was hung above the entrance. I was eager to learn what the booth might contain. When I entered, I learned the place was given over to a fancy diving exhibition. King Neptune and his daughters were about to give their final



HARRY SMART

Class Treasurer 1927

showing. I recognized the tall, blonde fellow in the fish-scale costume as *Freddy Hicks,* the aquatic star of the class, and his four beautiful sea-maidens were *Lois Smith,* always fond of the water and what it held; *Marjorie Shakespeare, Mary Sheehan* and *Lonna Campbell.* I learned that the four fair females, plus Fredddy, were now all life-savers in that famous bathing resort, Forest Grove, and had only yesterday, with their combined forces rescued from a watery grave, *Teddy Campbell* and *Phyllis Claypole,* who had been out canoeing together. The crew had had a difficult time, for the pair had been determined to die the deaths of martyrs. Well, the crowd did some fine fancy diving into a huge pool and came up looking more like drowned rats each time till finally they were thoroughly watersoaked. Then King Neptune and his sorry-looking sirens finally departed and the show was over.

It was now six-thirty and most of the crowd had disappeared homeward. At this momment, Charley Smith clambered up on a platform before one of the booths and announced that all those who were not members of the class would kindly leave the grounds without delay, but any who could prove themselves members of our illustrious band were to go to the Big Tent, where a banquet would be served to us by Martin Connerney, caterer. There was a mad rush for the tent on the part of all the '27'ers, but we were not permitted to enter till we were all paired off for the grand march. Charley, leading his wife, *Josephine Gibbs,* was the first in line, but I was a close second with *Betty Pollay* as my partner, who told me of her marriage to her old schoolday idol, *"Boots" Contant,* while we were marching. "Boots" was a famous aviator now and couldn't come to the field day because he was in the throes of a non-stop flight from East Boston to Somerville, and couldn't even get there in time for eats. To my delight, I found I was to sit at the center table with the committee (I wonder if Charley was still giving the crowd a laugh?), whence I could easily see the stage and the other two long tables.

At the table on my left sat all the participants in the various exhibitions, and the table on my right was taken up by the other members of the class. In the first two places at the latter, I noticed a hungry-looking pair whom I had seen somewhere before. I asked who they might be and was told that they were the model couple of the class, *Irene Stebner* and little *"Spuds" Murphy.* They had been living for eight years now with Irene's mother and had had not yet a single quarrel. At this moment the band struck up a lively piece and out onto the stage tripped *Dorothy Kellius,* famous throughout the country for her dancing and her male partner, *William Welch.* They executed a fine little acrobatic number. Thunderous applause greeted their exit. In the meantime, I took a second glance around, I noticed a man who

was viciously chewing a cigar with one side of his mouth and dictating rapidly to a slight, red-haired girl with the other. This was *Harvey King,* the present director of the Waltham Follies, and his two-in-one combination, wife and secretary, *Pearl Reed.* He was probably taking notes from Dot's number for his next showing. The next number was a lovely little butterfly dance, with *Lovice Champeon* as one of the flutterbys, and *Nettie Rimmele* as her partner-in-crime. Elinor Andrew appeared next in a scene from one of the latest musical comedies. Opposite her in the male starring part, was *Louis Salamone,* who had developed quite a voluminous voice. They have been quite popular on Broadway for some time now in musical comedy parts. In the background, as a chorus, appeared *Doris Benson,* with *Leo Corrigan, Oscar Meller,* with *Etta Bailey,* and *Frances Merowitz,* with *Victor Taletowicz.* They all did exceptionally well, the only hitch being Victor's, when his trousers needed it. In order to give the crowd a rest from applauding, Charley got up to make a speech, but never got very far, for he was interrupted by the belated appearance of *Homer Wear* with his fourth wife, *Agda Lendell.* Funny how these little men do such big things. His arrival was greeted with applause, for he was bringing with him a letter in which the non-appearance of all the absent members was to be explained. Homer climbed up onto the middle of our table, cleared his throat and began with the fate of *Lilly Anderson.* Lilly couldn't come mainly because the day was Saturday and she always did her baking on Saturday afternoon, inasmuch as her husband, *Ralph Nileb,* insisted on home-cooked food. *Sophie Menkowitch* couldn't come because she was taking part in a beauty contest in Los Angeles. (I'm sure we all felt we knew who would win!) *Norman Streeter* and his wife, *Dorothy May,* were entertaining dear mother-in-law—who was a veritable tyrant and wouldn't let 'em off. *Phyllis Broderick* and *Alma Wilson,* both Sunday school teachers now, had to take their classes to the annual Sunday school picnic. *Thomas Gilligan* was scheduled to run in a road race, and had had to go to a bargain sale of sport stockings in Filene's. With a sigh, Homer closed his letter and we wept a few useless tears at their absence, and the feeding, fighting, and flirting went on. The waiter at our table was supposed to be an importation from that famous hostelry, The Riverside Hotel, of Waltham, and was none other than *Kenneth Rhodes,* who had the real English butler style. The waiters at the two other tables included *Henry Small, Dick O'Halleran, Thure Merrill, Bill Randall* and *Bernard Kelley.* Charley, who had tried three times to make his speech, in vain, now turned to me for talk as a last resort. But I didn't mind much, because he told me some interesting bits of gossip. He said *Thelma Peterson* had developed quite a liking for *"Squeek" Connolly,* and had later married him, which later turned out to be quite an eco-

nomical measure, because George had become a piano tuner when Thelma herself wrecked pianos at an average of one a week, teaching harmless kids how to murder the "Spring Song" and the "Butterflies' Serenade," etc. *Joe De Coste* and *Betty Moore* had been divorced (which was stale news to me—I had printed a private story of its causes and Betty had pretty nearly made it impossible for me to be at the reunion at all!), and last, but not least, *"Stephie" Hanscom* had married *Claire Dunbrack.* This last was an interesting bit of gossip, because I had always cut "Stephie" out as a bachelor. Hhm—yes? Maybe! I asked Charley where *"Hudie" Greenblot* was and what he was doing now; I had noticed Homer hadn't mentioned him. Well, I learned that "Hudie" and his dear wifey, *Ida Rosenberg,* were making their annual trip around the world. The last that had been heard of the pair was that they were stopping in Ireland for a few months in order that "Hudie" might see the Blarney Stone, in which he was always reputed to be a strict believer. The show on the stage had been going merrily on all this time and I had caught indistinct glimpses of *Nina Shumway* and *Pearl Jacob* tripping the light fantastic toe across it. But now there was a little lull before a tall, broad-shouldered man stepped out onto the center of the stage, accompanied by a strangely familiar figure, and they began to recite the usual bunk about "Oh—father—come—home, mother—is—passing—away—leave—the—awful—saloon—and—come—with little—May!" In this queerly matched pair, I met another husband and wife, *Arthur Johnson* and *Romaine Shoenberger.* They had wanted to help out, Charley told me, and since this was the only opening, they just jumped at the chance. They had wanted to amuse us. They certainly did when they got to the part where the little daughter prevails upon the rough father's heart to come home from the saloon and he attempts to toss his infant daughter lightly on his back. Now, Romaine, was never cut out for an infant daughter, so this part of their act was sort of a flop. But we were a good-natured crowd and they managed to get away with it. In between the flop and the recovery, I took another glance at the table, where the class members were gorging themselves and noticed a tall-regal-looking blond woman, three-quarters buried in a baked potato. After she had finished and removed its traces from her face, I was able to recognize *Professor Rosamond Whitcomb.* She had not only passed her college examination to get into Radcliffe, but had obtained a position there as an English literature instructor, and now it was a question whether she would ever manage to get out! Beside her sat two giggling girls, *Helen Gustavson* and *Dorothea Ford,* who were simpering and pointing at a young man across the table in whom I saw nothing wrong till suddenly it dawned on me that he not only had his shoes off, but also had his arms bare to the elbows and was thoroughly enjoying himself

IRENE STEBNER

Class Secretary 1927

with a huge T-bone from one of the sirloin steaks. This eccentric creature was *Malcolm Graf,* whose wife, *Nathalie Mosher,* forced him to always remove his shoes before entering his home in accordance with her Dutch ancestry's custom. *Jenny Profita,* who kept a fine little fruit and vegetable store on Moody Street, with her husband, *Tony Siano,* sat next to Malcolm. After them came *Stella Morreale, Marjorie Meader, Olive MacNamara* and *Eizabeth Leishman,* in rapid succession, who were having a wonderful time talking with their mouths full about everybody in the room. I do hope they were saying something nasty about me! *Leslie Mitchell* and her hubbie, *James Hoxie,* made up the next couple, and they were exceptionally quiet till I noticed that they were busy eating and were probably stocking for the Sabbath day to follow. Eating so fast, they couldn't talk! A strange sight indeed. About this time I was becoming so surfeited that I began to feel dizzy and sleepy, but fought it off to watch a pretty little song and dance number now being enacted on the stage. In it were *Dorothy Keith, Catherine Devlin* and *Louise Doucette.* It was called the "Dance of the Nations," England, Ireland and France. *Frances Atwood,* formerly called "Funny," next appeared in a pathetic little skit, called "When You and I Were Young, Maggie!" *Winton Danglemayer* took the part of "Maggie's" husband, but his technique was stilted because *Margaret Bent,* who was supposed to close the act with a lovely shower of roses, kept getting the wrong cue and came out at least five times to pelt inoffensive "Ding" with the flowers when she was least expected. *Eleanor Dow* appeared after the rosy rioters with her famous quartet of musicians. She herself led with the piano, *Leo Coughlan* played a Jew's harp, *Helen Cutter,* a harmonica, and *Phyllis Closby,* a ukulele. They were accompanied by *Doris Charnley, Peggy Cox* and *Millie Caswell,* who rendered a familiar old selection, "Good Night, Ladies," as a grand finale. Immediately after their exit I began to have a distinct longing for my little trundle bed. But when Charley got up and had finally borrowed his countrymen's ears and was deep in his speech at last, I lost all grip on my senses and was soon oblivious to everything and everybody around me. The following day when I came to at last, I was told that I had been removed, bodily, from the hall as a public nuisance, and they say I called out in my sleep as I was being carried out to my waiting auto for disturbing Charley and his speech, with my vociferous sleeping, "Long Live the Class of '27—the Best Class Ever!"—just like that, with capitals and all!!

The Will of the Class of 1927

Be it remembered, that we, the class of 1927, of the City of Waltham, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory (in spite of the numerous doubts that the faculty may have to the contrary), but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills and codicils heretofore made by us.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the junior class, that they may successfully carry on the traditions of the class of 1927, we leave the brains of our class pickled in alcohol.

To the sophomore class we leave our ability to run successful socials.

To the incoming class we leave a wagon-load of the newest text books, for careful study, of everything, including the length of a mosquito's life to the distance from Waltham to Boston.

To our principal, Mr. Burke, we leave a crop of Max's curls.

As Mr. Ward seems to have had more or less difficulty in getting his classes to learn memory passages, we leave a machine to accomplish this. We sincerely hope that it will save him much breath.

To Mr. Hodge, whom we so frequently hear commenting on features "Number 1, 2," etc., we leave a new book of pet expressions.

We hear that Miss Pratt occasionally has trouble with her car—pardon us, we mean her flivver—we leave her a new one guaranteed trouble-proof under all conditions.

In order that the undergraduates may have the pleasure of congratulating Mr. Hollis as we did, we have placed an order in his name with Mr. Stork, for twins.

That more people may enjoy those delicious meals prepared under Miss Hunter's direction, we leave her a new stove and plenty of pots and pans.

To lessen Miss Cutting's toil we leave her an electric sewing machine.

Since Mr. Kimball seems to have come up to the expectations of the class of 1926, we leave him, in addition to their gift, a baby snake to train and bring up, with the request that he call it Periyakulans.

A little bird told us that Miss Hall has a garden, so we leave her a set of garden tools to use when working in it, with the hope that when she uses them she will remember us and our enthusiasm for Latin.

True to our well known spirit of co-operation, we leave Miss Ober a Pomeranian to fight with the Persian cat left her by the class of 1926.

To Miss Spencer, who delights in solving problems of all kinds, we leave the following: "If the rock of which the Sphinx is made weighs 100 pounds per square foot, how much does the head of the Sphinx weigh if it is as high as the pyramid 70 paces west of the Sphinx's left ear; as long as said pyramid is high, and as wide and one-half these two dimensions. We sincerely hope that she makes use of the above on the coming senior class who will undoubtedly solve it, since we have left them the use of our brains.

To Miss Rand, whom we have noticed chewing her beads, we leave an all-day lollipop of any flavor she may desire.

A little bird has told us that Miss Flagg is always getting her hands smeared with ink, while changing typewriting ribbons, so we leave her a typewriter with a ribbon which will never have to be changed, assuring her of clean hands in the future, we hope.

With our usual helpful spirit we leave Miss Hart a glass case in which to keep her new car.

To lighten the burden of the coming editor of the *Mirror* and to lighten Mr. Nottenburg's responsibility we leave the latter an automatic searching machine which will prevent copies of the school magazine

To Mr. Rounds we leave a new Chevrolet and free admittance to all factories.

To the youngest member of our faculty, Miss Delesdenier, we leave a new set of messenger girls to replace those who graduate this year. from appearing before schedule.

To Mr. Goodrich we leave plenty of sulphur and sulphuric acid with a recipe for making perfumes which require open windows and ventilators.

As Miss Burgess must be tired of teaching pupils to draw the present frieze in the assembly hall we leave her a new one.

We heard that Miss Rose is quite ill at ease while teaching English to her sophomore classes, and a senior is present in the room. So in order that she may be assured of comfort, as we desire all teachers to be so, we leave her an abundant supply of earlaps to present each senior with on entering the room.

Knowing Miss Hoffman will miss the present senior German class, we leave her a parrot with which she can carry on extended conversations, and we sincerely hope that it teach her a few new stories to tell her future classes.

To Miss Clement we leave a free passage to France.

To remind Miss Seabury of her present senior college prep. division, we leave her a jack rabbit, which has been taught to jump about and chatter just as they did.

As we have just heard that Miss Rigby has bought a new home, and expressed a desire for a grandfather clock, we leave her one.

The sophomore class seems to be a noisy crowd while typewriting, therefore, to Miss Clapp, so that her voice may be heard throughout the room, we leave a megaphone. May she make good use of it.

To Miss Mudgett, one of our most stately and dignified teachers, we leave traps to catch snakes which might come wandering through under the door from the biology room and suggest that she use garlic for bait as the snake is very fond of it.

To the faculty as a whole we leave our appreciation of their unselfish efforts in our behalf, and hearty wishes for especially brilliant classes in the future.

In witness whereof we have signed and sealed and published this instrument as our will and testament on June 16, 1927.

EVERETT GOLWAY,
THELMA HEINLEIN.

Class Song

TUNE: *America, the Beautiful*
AUTHOR: *Josephine S. Huntley*

O Waltham High! Forever more
Your banner will we fly;
Your praises ever will we sing,
Till echoes reach the sky.
O Waltham High! O Waltham High!
God bless thee from his Heaven;
For this is what we wish for you—
The class of twenty-seven.

O Seniors true, preserve for aye
Our flag of scarlet hue,
And ne'er forget traditions all
That have been made for you.
O Waltham High! O Waltham High!
God bless thee from his Heaven;
For this is what we wish for you—
The class of twenty-seven.

A Vagary

Helena Maxwell, '27

The Pilot of Destiny stood, all-powerful, watching his great universe rotating. He had directed, since time began, all courses on the elusive sea of life. At his slightest touch, shining, glittering, new vessels had swayed, crashed, then slowly disappeared under the mighty tide of humanity. However, there were many ships which had sailed peacefully to some port, filled with browsing flocks, serene skies, sunlight, and kindness. Thus, faster and faster spun this world, until the weaver of manifold schemes pointed his long, bony finger at the year 1927. He smiled, a hypocritical sort of smile, and from the whole terrestrial ball, selected a very insignificant port. Nevertheless, the sight fascinated him and he slowed the rapidity of the globe a bit so he might study affairs. This is what he observed:

In a small port where skies were always blue, and waters always tranquil, a fleet of vessels had gradually been built. They were 160 in number. Finally, after much care, time, patience and hard labor, the ships were all in condition to sail out on the turbulent sea. So, on a day three years before the Pilot of Destiny chanced to see them, they had embarked for the first time under the guidance of the good ship Waltham High School. Now, after being protected by this sturdy ship for three years, they had come to a place where each little vessel had to set sail for itself. The good ship had to leave them, for the time had presented itself when they no longer needed a sheltering sail. Every boat in the fleet looked fresh and sparkling, and every boat carried a ship load of dreams.

Then the good ship Waltham High School glided back toward port, until it was merely a black speck on the horizon, the dear memory to each vessel. The wind blew with a strong breeze, while the partings were being said. Some had chosen north, others south, and very daring crafts had preferred to follow the stars in the east and west. Each was eager to test its sails for itself, each was a little impatient to get started, and with a sky blue with truth, clouds white wih simplicity, breezes fresh with true enthusiasm, they began their great voyages, to end in whatever way pleased the all-potent Pilot.

O, Weaver of Destinies, as we stand here to-day in this humble little port, hear our prayers which we offer for the guidance of these ships. All cannot reach ports of flowers and fleckless skies, all cannot carry forever the cargoes of youthful dreams, but while you are gazing down on them, be just a little more kind, a little more gentle, so the hard rocks of failure, the hurricanes of despair and the whirlpools of fear may strike them less hard. Thus, Mariner of Fate, direct them all, and be compassionate.

Who's Who

Best Looking Girl.....Sophia Mankowitch

Best Looking Boy.....Eddie Burke

Most Popular Girl.....Greta Modine

Most Popular Boy.....Tony Siano

Best Dressed Girl.....Helena Maxwell

Best Dressed Boy.....Dana Parks

Best Natured Girl.....Betty Wroe

Best Natured Boy.....Max Cohen

Most Studious Girl.....Thelma Heinlein

Most Studious Boy.....Tracy Sanborn

Most Obliging Girl.....Peggy Welsh

Most Obliging Boy.....Charles Smith

Wittiest.....Hugh Greenblot

Most Athletic Girl.....Corinne Taylor

Most Athletic Boy.....Pat Ryan

Class Statistics

Name	SHIRLEY ABBOTT	LILLY ANDERSON
Nickname	Shirl	Lil
Favorite Expression	I Shall Have Kittens	Gee Whiz
Activities	Class Basketball 1-2-3. Class Hockey 1-2-3. Varsity 1-2 Royal Vagabond. Usher at Football Games. Christmas Play 1. Sr. Play. Candy Committee.	
Destination	Mass. College of Osteopathy	Vesper George Art School
Ambition	Doctor.	Interior Decorator.
Name	ELINOR A NDREW	RUTH ANDREWS
Nickname	Shorty	Ruthie
Favorite Expression	Good Night Nurse	So's your Aunt Spinach
Activities	Royal Vagabond 3. Latin Play 3. Glee Club 3. Literary Editor Mirror 3.	Hockey 3. Glee Club 1. Basketball 1. Secretary 3. Commercial Club 3. Senior Play 3.
Destination	Radcliffe.	
Ambition	Interpreter	Stenographer.
Name	FRANCES ATWOOD	WERNER BACHMANN
Nickname	Franny, Funny	
Activities	Candy Committee for Senior Play 3. Monitor 3.	Assistant Business Manager, Mirror 2. Business Manager 3.
Destination	Post Graduate	Harvard
Ambition		Dentist
Name	ETTA BAILEY	IRENE BAINE
Nickname	Brownie	Bainy
Favorite Expression	Don't be Like That	Oh, For Crying Out Loud!
Activities		Glee Club 3. Hockey Team 1. Latin Play 3.
Destination		School of Optometry
Ambition		Optician
Name	AURORA BALL	JOHN BELLEVEAU
Nickname	Rora	Frenchy
Favorite Expression	Silence is Golden	S'big Idea?
Activities	Glee Club 1-2. Latin Play 3. Mirror Staff 1-2-3.	
Destination	Radcliffe	Post Graduate
Ambition	Author or Teacher	Designer
Name	MARGARET BENT	PHYLLIS BRODERICK
Nickname	Marge	Fleese
Favorite Expression	Oh, gee gosh, you would	My Word
Destination	Work	Posse-Nissen
Activities		Physiotherapist
Name	EVELYN BROOKS	EDWARD BURKE
Nickname	Evvy	Mucker
Favorite Expression	Oh, what in heck	Well, I'll be ——
Ambition	Secretary	
Name	LORNA CAMPBELL	CARLO CAMPESI
Nickname	Nonnie	Camp
Favorite Expression		Oh, ya
Activities	Senior Play 3.	Commercial Club 3. Entertainment Committee 3.
Destination	Normal Art	Bentley
Ambition	Drawing Teacher	Certified Public Accountant
Name	ELIZABETH CARR	MILDRED CASWELL
Nickname	Betty	Millie
Favorite Expression	Oh Heck	I Don't Know, Do I?
Activities	Secretary of Commercial Department 3. Commercial Club 3.	
Ambition	Private Secretary	
Name	EDITH CAUGHEY	LOVICE CHAMPION
Nickname	Dishy	Love, Pam
Favorite Expression	Never Mind, Smile	For Heaven's Sake
Activities	Literary Editor of Mirror 2-3.	Royal Vagabond 3.
Destination		State House
Name	Author	Private Secretary

Name	ALEXANDER CHAPMAN	DORIS CHARNLEY
Nickname	Chappy	Chaney
Favorite Expression	Ask Me, I Don't Know	A Word to the Wise is Sufficient
Activities	Football 1-3.	
Destination	Northeastern	Office
Ambition	Civil Engineer	Private Secretary
Name	THOMAS CHILDS	PHYLLIS CLAYPOLE
Nickname	Tom	Phi
Favorite Expression	Oh Heck	Laugh and the World Laughs With You
Activities	Royal Vagabond 3.	
Destination	Cushing Academy	Senior Play 3.
Ambition	Chemist	
Name	MAX COHEN	CAROLINE CONLEY
Nickname	Fat	Carrie
Favorite Expression	Gefellte Fish!	That's a Help
Activities	Orchestra 1-2-3. Senior Play 3. Latin Play 3. Social Committee 3.	Hockey 1-2. Basketball 1-2. Glee Club 1-2-3. Royal Vagabond 3.
Destination	Mass. College of Pharmacy	Some Secretarial School.
Ambition	Pharmacist	Secretary
Name	GEORGE CONNOLLY	GEORGE CONTANT
Nickname	Squeek	Boots
Favorite Expression	Da Da. Get Hot on the Books	K. O.
Activities	Football 1-2-3. Basketball 1-2-3. Baseball 1-2-3. Hockey 3.	Hockey 1-2-3.
Destination	Fordham	Coburn Classical
Activities	Diplomat	Plumber
Name	HAROLD COUGHLIN	MARGARET COX
Nickname	Red	Miggie
Favorite Expression	Why?	Let's Browse
Ambition	Commercial Club Membership Committee 3.	
Destination	Bentley's	Waltham Trust Company
Ambition	Certified Public Accountant	
Name	WALTER CROWE	HELEN CUTTER
Nickname	Wallie	
Favorite Expression	What?	My Word
Activities	Commercial Club 3.	Candy Committee for Senior Play 3. Royal Vagabond 3.
Destination	Work	Framingham Normal School
Ambition		Teacher
Name	LAWRENCE DALEY	WYNTON DANGELMAYER
Nickname	Lorry	Ding
Favorite Expression	Sock 'em	I wish I knew
Activities	Treasurer of Commercial Club 3.	Football 2-3. Class President 2. Chairman of Junior Social Committee 2. Mirror Reporter 3.
Destination	Boston University	Mass. Aggie
Ambition	Lawyer	Chemist
Name	CLAIRE DAVIS	JOSEPH DE COSTE
Nickname	Polly	Joe
Favorite Expression	Oh Yaaa?	Take it Easy
Activities	Chairman Senior Play Com. 3. Secretary 3. Locker Work 3. Chairman Social Service Committee of Commercial Club 3.	Football 1-2-3. Baseball 1-2-3. Senior Play Committee 3.
Destination	New Jersey	
Name	DORIS DE VENNE	CATHERINE DEVLIN
Nickname	Do	Kay
Favorite Expression	Oh, Get Off the Bicycle!	Oh, Lady, be Good
Activities	Hockey Varsity 2-3. Class Hockey 1-2-3. Glee Club 1-2-3. Class Basketball 1-2. Library Representative 1. Class Treasurer 2. Athletic Meet 1-2.	
Destination	Burdett College	Burdett College
Ambition	Private Secretary	Secretary

Name DORIS DOLLIVER
Nickname Dandy
Favorite Expression Jumpin' Grasshopper
Activities
Destination
Ambition Secretary

Name JOSEPH DONAHOE
Nickname Joey
Favorite Expression See You Tomorrow
Activities Baseball 1-2-3. Football 2-3.
Destination University of New Hampshire
Ambition Work

Name MILDRED DOUGHERTY
Nickname Mill
Favorite Expression No Kidding
Activities Royal Vagabond 3.
Destination
Ambition Secretary

Name ELEANOR DOW
Nickname
Favorite Expression My Gosh
Activities Orchestra 2-3.
Destination Conservatory of Music
Ambition Piano Teacher

Name GEORGE DYAR
Nickname Fussy
Favorite Expression May Be
Destination Social Committee 3. Monitor 3.
Ambition Post Graduate, then Mass. Aggie

Name ARTHUR EATON, JR.
Nickname Monkey
Favorite Expression O Heck
Destination M. I. T.
Ambition Electrical Engineer

Name SALVATORE FLORIDIA
Nickname Sal
Favorite Expression I Slept With a Guy That Knew Him
Activities None
Destination
Ambition Dentist

Name DARTHEA FORD
Nickname Dot
Favorite Expression I'll Bite
Activities Monitor
Destination Schraffts'
Ambition Dressmaker

Name FREDERICK GATES
Nickname Fat
Favorite Expression Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death
Activities Student Manager of Football 3. Senior Dance Committee. Senior Social Committee. Hockey. Senior Play Cast. President Commercial Club

Name JOSEPHINE GIBBS
Nickname Jo
Favorite Expression Gee Crow
Activities Class Basketball 1-2. Class Hockey (Capt.) 3. Class Day Committee. Usher at Football Games.

Name THOMAS GILLIGAN
Nickname Tom, Tommy
Favorite Expression I Might
Ambition Harvard
Activities Basketball Squad 1-2. Class Basketball 3. Latin Play
Destination Dentist

Name BETTY GLYCART
Nickname Bet
Favorite Expression Oh, For Heaven's Sake
Activities Senior Dance Committee, Senior Play Committee.
Destination

Name EVERETT GOLWAY
Nickname Gooey
Favorite Expression Ye Gotts in Himmel
Activities Class Willest 3. Usher at Senior Play 3.
Destination Northeastern
Ambition Electrical Engineer

Name BARBARA GOODELL
Nickname Barbs
Favorite Expression 'Twon't Be Long Now!
Activities Glee Club 1-2-3. Royal Vagabond.
Destination Lasell
Ambition Secretary

Name HUGH GREENBLOTT
Nickname Udie
Favorite Expression Get Hot
Activities Football 1-2-3. Hockey 2. Baseball 2.
Destination New York University
Ambition Professor of Languages

Name HELEN GUSTAVSON
Nickname Gus
Favorite Expression Tee Hee! Don't Make Me Snicker
Activities Baseball 2.
Destination
Ambition To do something worth while

Name THOMAS GUY
Nickname Spud
Favorite Expression A Woman is Only a Woman, But a Good Cigarette is a Smoke
Activities Football 3. Baseball 3.
Destination

Name STEPHEN HANSCOM
Nickname Steve
Favorite Expression
Activities Football 1-2-3. Hockey 2-3. Baseball 2-3. Mirror Reporter 2.
Destination Post Graduate

Name GRETCHEN HAVENER
Nickname
Favorite Expression Let's Not and Say We Did!
Activities Field Hockey. Class Team 1-2-3. Class Basketball Team 1-2-3. Varsity Field Hockey Team 1-2-3. All Scholastic Meet, 1-2-3. Girls' Athletic Editor 2-3.
Destination Bridgewater Normal School
Ambition Teacher (Athletics)

Name THELMA HEINLEIN
Nickname Teddie
Favorite Expression Hurry Up Lois!
Activities Class Auditor 1. Mirror Staff 1. Assistant Editor in Chief of Mirror 2. Editor in Chief of Mirror 3. Usher at Football Games 3. Latin Play 3. Senior Play Committee 3. Glee Club 1-2-3. Class Librarian 2-3.
Destination Wheaton College
Ambition Teacher

Name	BLANCHE HERSHOFF	ELEANOR J. HOWE
Nickname	Blanie	Leo, Ellie
Favorite Expression	Am I Getting Thin?	Good Goat!
Activities	Glee Club 1-2. Orchestra 1-2-3.	Latin Play 3. Royal Vagabond 3. Basketball: Class 1-2, Captain 3. Varsity 2-3. Hockey (class) 1-2-3. Varsity 3. Monitor 3. Glee Club 1-2-3.
Destination	Boston University or Conservatory	Boston School Physical Education
Ambition	Music Teacher ('Cello)	Gymnasium Instructor
Name	JAMES B. HOXIE	JOSEPHINE S. HUNTLEY
Nickname	Jimmy	Jo
Favorite Expression		Be Blue and You Make Others Blue
Activities	Cartoonist for Mirror 3.	Social Committee 1-3. Vice-President 2. Mirror Reporter 1-2-3. Candy Girl Senior Play. Decorated for Graduation 1.
Destination	Work	Somerville Library
Ambition		Librarian
Name	FRANCES JACOBS	ARTHUR JOHNSON
Nickname	Frannie, Bot	Ben
Favorite Expression	Well, I Don't Think—	Come Down To Earth
Activities	Mirror Staff 2-3. Glee Club 3. Latin Play 3. Prophet 3.	Golf Team 1-2. Senior Play.
Destination	The Boston Advertiser Office.	Boston University
Ambition	A Journalist	
Name	THELMA JOHNSON	HELEN KAMPE
Nickname	Thel	Shrimp
Favorite Expression	Blah!	To Know a Friend is to Love Her
Activities	Royal Vagabond 3. Glee Club 1-2-3. Social Committee 2. Class Day Committee 3.	Hockey 2-3. Basketball 3. School Meet 1-3. Commercial Club
Name	DOROTHY KILLIUS	PAULINE KNIZNIK
Nickname	Dot	Polly
Favorite Expression	So's Your Old Lady	Drop't Somethin'
Activities	Royal Vagabond 3. Basketball 2.	Mirror Staff 3. Glee Club 1-2-3. Senior Play Candy Committee 3. Chairman Latin Play Committee 3. Royal Vagabond 3.
Destination	Dancer	New England Conservatory of Music
Ambition		Piano Teacher, Soloist Accomanist.
Name	DOROTHY KOHL	PEARL LACOB
Nickname	Dot	Pearlie
Favorite Expression	And Silence Reigned Supreme	Wait a Minute Will Ya?
Activities	Commercial Club 3.	League Basketball 3.
Ambition	Secretary	
Name	ELIZABETH LEISHMAN	FRANCES M. LA PALME
Nickname	Libby	Fran
Favorite Expression	I Wish I'd Done It Yesterday	Oh Never!
Destination		Miss Wheelock's
Ambition	Secretary	Kindergarten Teacher
Name	AGDA LUNDELL	STUART MABIE
Nickname		Stu
Favorite Expression	Oh So!	I Guess So
Activities	Commercial Club 3. Chairman of Assembly Committee.	
Destination	Work	Macaulay School of Dentistry
Ambition	Teacher	Dentist
Name	FRANK MARTOWSKI	SOPHIA MANKOWICH
Nickname	Monk	So
Favorite Expression	It's All Right If You Don't Weaken	Oh! Agda!
Activities		Reporter. Secretary
Destination		Washington
Ambition		Secretary

Name	LOIS MANSFIELD	HELENA MAXWELL
Nickname	Rozie! Teddy! Wait a Minute!	Just Helena
Favorite Expression		Sweet Hour of Prayer
Activities	Glee Club 1-2-3. Reporter 1. Assistant Editor-in-Chief 2. Editor-in-Chief 3. Social Committee 2-3. Operetta 3. Senior Play Candy Committee 3. Latin Play 3. Usher at Football Games 3. Red Cross Committee 2.	Glee Club 1-2-3. Literary Editor 1-2. Book Editor 3. Latin Play 3.
Destination	Wheaton College	Abbott Academy
Ambition	Literary Critic	Journalist
Name	DOROTHY MAY	CHARLOTTE McNAMARA
Nickname	Pat	Chickie, Charle
Favorite Expression	A True Friend, Always a Friend	Gee! I Wonder What Could be Better
Activities	Hockey 1-2-3. Basketball 1-3. Meet 1-2. Committee on Graduation Decorations 1-2.	
Destination	Posse-Nissen School	Pennsylvania
Ambition	Phy	Social Service Worker
Name	KENNETH L. McRAE	FRANCES MEROWITZ
Nickname	Tubby, Ken, Mac	Fran
Favorite Expression	Believe That and I'll Tell You Another	
Activities	Mirror Reporter 1-2. Student Football Manager 3. Joke Editor 3. Chairman Senior Dance 3. Chairman of Social Committee 3.	Orchestra 1-2-3. Member of Commercial Club 3.
Destination	Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute	
Ambition	Engineer	
Name	GRETA MADINE	DORIS M. MOONEY
Nickname	Bonnie	Dodie
Favorite Expression	Ya, I Guess So!	Laugh and the World Laughs With You
Activities	Hockey, 1-2-3. Glee Club 1. Captain Hockey 3. Social Committee 3.	Christmas Play 1. Social Committee 3.
Destination	B. U. P. A. L.	Miss Pierce's Secretarial School
Ambition		Secretary
Name	ELIZABETH MOORE	STELLA MORREALE
Nickname	Betty	Star
Favorite Expression	I'll Bite, What?	Laugh! I Thought I'd Die!
Activities	Usher at Football Games 3. Reporter 1-2-3. Served at Alumni Reception 2. Red Cross Committee 1.	
Destination	Pierce's Secretarial School	Spain
Ambition	Secretary	Stenographer
Name	HESTER NELSON	MURRAY NUSSINOW
Nickname	Teddie-e-e-ee!	Nusse
Favorite Expression	The Great City	Is That So Federas?
Destination	A Nurse	Suffolk Law School
Ambition		Lawyer
Name	ROBERT NYE	RICHARD O'HALLERAN
Nickname	Bob	Dick
Favorite Expression		What's the Racket, Squeek?
	Work	Football
Ambition	Scientific Farmer	Wentworth
Name	LESTER OLSON	DANA PARKS
Nickname	Ginger	Dina
Favorite Expression	Why?	Senior Play 3. Social Committee 3.
Destination		Hebron
Ambition	Draftsman (Civil Engineer)	Actor
Name	ELEANOR PIERCE	KENNETH PERRY
Nickname	Percie	Ken
Favorite Expression	Give Me a Quarter	That's the Ol' Fight!
Activities	Basketball 1-2-3. Hockey 2-3. Class and Varsity. Picture Committee 3. Class Day Committee 3.	Hockey 3. Social Committee 2. Senior Dance Committee 3.
Destination		Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Ambition		Engineer

Name	THELMA PETERSON	ELIZABETH POLLAY
Nickname	Pete	Betty
Favorite Expression	For Heaven's Sake	You'd Be Surprised!
Activities	Pianist for Glee Club and Orchestra 1-2.	Orchestra 1-2-3. Latin Play 3.
Ambition	Musician	P. G. at N. H. S.
Name	HAROLD D. PUGSLEY	WILLIAM RANDALL
Nickname	Pugs	Bill
Favorite Expression	Oh! Gosh!	I Fool You
Activities	Usher at Graduation 2.	
Destination	P. G. then Technical School	In Charge of Ice Cream 2.
Ambition	Chemist	South America
Name	PEARL READ	INEZ J. RHODES
Nickname	Anything meaning Red Head	Ignatz
Favorite Expression	Oh! Heck!	Now I'll Tell One
Activities	Chairman of Alumni Committee	Glee Club 1.
Destination	Stenographer	Work
Name	KENNETH RHODES	IDA ROSENBURG
Nickname	Dusty	Jane
Favorite Expression	Eat, Drink and Be Merry	
Activities		Hockey 1-2-3. Orchestra 1-2-3. Basketball Class Team 2. Commercial Club.
Destination	College	
Ambition	Sailor	Stenographer
Name	LOUIS SALAMONE	TRACY SANBORN
Nickname	Sal	Trace
Favorite Expression	Hey!	I Fool You!
Activities	Football 1-2-3.	Basketball 1-2-3. Senior Play Cast. Historian 3.
Destination	Work	
Ambition	Business	To do something worth while
Name	MARJORIE SHAKESPEARE	ROMAINE SCHOENBURGER
Nickname	Marge	Mayna
Favorite Expression	Don't I, Huh?	Hey, Give Me Some!
Destination		Post Graduate
Ambition		Secretary
Name	M. CHRISTINE SHEEHAN	RACHAEL SLAYTON
Nickname	Skeenix, Chris	Rach
Favorite Expression	A Friend When You Need One is Worth a Dozen When You Don't	My Word!
Activities	Decoration for Graduation 1-2.	Library Reresentative 2. Orchestra 2-3.
Destination	P. G. then Framingham Normal	Bridgewater Normal
Ambition	Teacher	Violinist
Name	EUNICE SMART	CHARLES SMITH
Nickname	Flaming Youth	Charlie
Favorite Expression	Quit It!	I'll Bite, What?
Activities		Secretary and Treasurer 1. Charge of Candy 3. Charge of Ice Cream 3. Chairman of Class Day Committee.
Destination	Bridgewater	Work
Ambition	Teacher	President of a Concern
Name	LOIS M. SMITH	IRENE MAY STEBNER
Nickname	Smithy	Stebby
Favorite Expression	Don't Be That-a-way	Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining
Activities		Glee Club 1. Social Committee 2-3. Secretary 3.
Destination	Burdett College	
Ambition	Secretary	
Name	WARREN STORER	NORMAN STREETER
Nickname	Twinny	Norm
Favorite Expression		I'll Tell the Cock-eyed—!
Activities	Football 2-3.	Lincoln Play
Ambition		To travel
Name	VICTOR TALETOWICZ	ARLEINE TAYLOR
Nickname	Vic	Chickie
Favorite Expression	Wine, Women and Song!	Up in North Overshoe!
Activities		Locker Work 3. Secretary to Miss Clement
Destination	B. U. Business Administration.	Private Secretary
Ambition		Author

Name	CORINNE TAYLOR	HELEN THORNBURG
Nickname	Kinnie	Liz, Thornie
Favorite Expression	Oh! I'll Do It Tomorrow!	I'll Say I Can, and How!
Activities	Class Hockey 1-2-3. Varsity Hockey 1-2-3. Class Basketball 1-2-3. Varsity Basketball 1-2-3. Capt. of Varsity Basketball 3. Tennis Championship 1-2. Usher at Football Games 3. Chairman of Committee on Class Colors and Motto 2. Junior Prom Committee 2.	Junior Prom Committee 2. Senior Dance Committee 3. Class Hockey Team 3.
Destination	The Lesley School	Abbott Academy
Ambition	Kindergarten Teacher	Dietitian

Name	MARION WAUGH	RALPH WEBB
Nickname	Sookie	Spider
Favorite Expression	Eventually, Why Not Now?	Hi, Kid!
Activities	Commercial Club 3.	Milk man and traffic cop

Name	MARGARET M. WELSH	WILLIAM WELSH
Nickname	Peggy	Bill
Favorite Expression	Good Grief You're Queer	
Ambition	To be successful	

Name	ROSAMOND WHITCOMB	ALMA WILSON
Nickname	Rozie	Al
Favorite Expression	For Crying Out in the Night	Oh, Good Grief
Activities	Exchange Editor 2-3. Senior Play Candy Committee.	
Destination	Radcliffe	Newton Hospital
Ambition	Social Serviice Worker	To be a nurse

Name	HERBERT WILSON	ARTHUR WOLF
Nickname	Skitchy	Archie
Favorite Expression	So's Your Old Manderin	
Activities		Orchestra 1-2-3. Latin Play.
Destination		Tufts
Ambition	To be a soldier	Chemist

Name	ELIZABETH WROE
Nickname	Betty
Favorite Expression	You Should Ask Me
Activities	Class Basketball 3. Captain of Class Basketball 3. Mirror Reporter 1-2. Vice-President 3. Red Cross Committee 1.
Destination	Normal School
Ambition	Teacher

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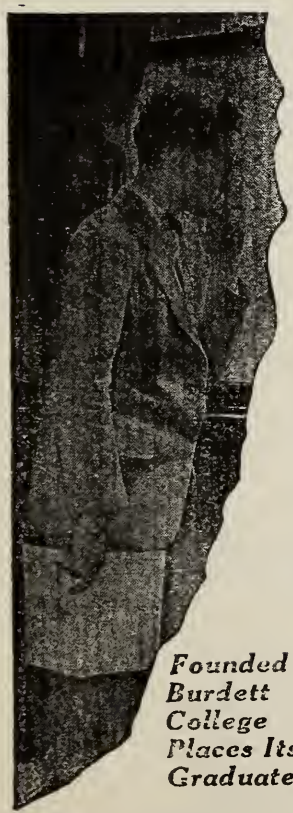

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